The dogs that were shown in Brooklyn

"It was a great satisfaction to me to

secure such fine types," added the collegian, "and what increases the obligation is I know just what their breeding is and I

have seen many of their progenitors and

kin."
Wolves are common on the steppes of

COLOMBIA'S LITTLE WARSHIP.

The Bogota Once the Yacht of an East

Indian Maharajah.

SEATTLE, Nov. 21 .- The gunboat Bogota,

which constitutes a large part of the strength

of the Colombian navy, has had a varied

She was built for a yacht at Hull, England,

twenty-five years ago, for the Maharajah

of Cutch in India. He quickly tired of his

yacht and sold her to an English company

which wanted to use her in the North Pacific.

The vessel was named the Cutch in honor

of her former owner. Five times in the

next few years she was wrecked, but each

time she was brought to the surface again.

history

REAL LAND OF PROMISE

THE CORN BELT-AND HOW IT HAS GROWN.

Buffalo, according to veracious residents, has grown men who never saw Niagara. so travellers in the corn belt have searched weeks to find the native able to tell the rigin of the three-foot layer of black soil hat has given the Corn Belt, extending from Indiana westward to the Mississippi a name through the length and breadth of the land. This was the explanation offered v a man who had studied the question: For centuries, possibly," he said, "this flat country stood under water. Year by year water plants appeared, and decayed. A swamp grew, and the matter which rotted under the water became black muck, always becoming thicker. The pioneer setded up to the swamp, and in time drained Then the muck, the black soil, the

great grower of corn, appeared, and the small a town, and that so great a mistake should have been made in the ticket missay. Besides the soil that bears so bountifully, there is a climate that favors growth and invariably ripens the crop. When cloudbursts drown Iowa and Illinois the Belt ceives only a safe amount of rain. When Fansus is burned by hot winds, this favored section is barely touched.

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When early frosts kill the nearly ripe crop of southern Minnesota, the great fields east of the Mississippi go to maturity unharmed. The spring was wet this year Corn, put in two weeks later than usual, was far from ripe when September came in. On every hand there was speculation as to the possiblity of a killing frost. A large farmer remarked:

"Worry? No. I don't even look out of the window to see if there has been a frost. Corn always gets ripe here. I've seen it come through safely too many years

Immigration follows the line of least resistance. The Southerner found little difficulty in overland travel. The native of Germany, fresh from an ocean voyage, made a trip by boat, following down the Chio to the Mississippi, and up that river and the Illinois. They populated the Corn Belt, and this made the division, throwing the stranger from the south inland, and accounting for to-day's predominance of German population in the river towns.

Wherever German immigration touches a land that land blessoms. In crossing this country the uppermost thought is that the German never settles on poor land or rise has the ability to bring such to a high state of cultivation. The latter is the fact In speaking of his German tenant, one

"He pulled every stump on the place. After harvest he goes over the whole farm, picking up the sticks, repairing the broker fences and getting the weeds."

About St. Louis whole towns are even vet solid German. Mascoutah is typical of these, and it emphasizes the thrift and cleanliness of the race. The edges of the half mile of brick walk from the railroad station to the business section are absoute, undeviating straight lines-no brick pretrudes. Between the walk and fence half a foot of earth has been stripped of grass, beaten hard and is swept daily, so that no cigar stump, burnt match or banana peel is left to shock the cleanly

man from over the Rhine. The brick gutter outside the curb is laid with the same precision, and no mud is permitted to gather in it. The houses that do not stand with broadsides close to the street are surrounded by gardens in model order. The roadbed of the two blocks of business street is of but one also narrow. These, with the small shop windows, make a miniature street, fault-

lessly clean. Dirt is a crime in Mascoutah. German Catholics are numerous. The big buildings, the black robed priests, the large churches, partly surrounded by ample gardens and trellised grapevines; the frequent pealing of bells that call to vespers or mass, the occasional music of imes, mellow bells that tell the quarters halves and the hours-these are typical of even the very small towns of the German section of the corn belt.

How soil modifies prosperity, app in passing from the thin clay of southern Illinois to the corn belt to the north. The southern Illinois farmhouse is commonly log cabin or an unpainted frame building. makes a struggle for life between the stumps. The women wear no finery, their clothes are of the plainest. Farm wagons with kitchen chairs as seats take the place of the surrey, and an invitation to call at the home of one of the leading citizens showed that the rag carpet had not given way to the better woven grade. And al because the soil refuses to yield.

Contrast this with the typical picture o the corn belt as seen from the station platform at Loretta, a small junction point, on a fall morning. Into the dim west, fields heavy with corn alternated with woodland. North and south the swell rose into the sky a mile away. No dim fading of fields there, but the sharp nearby horizon, that suggests the top of the earth.

The small corn belt town is every five miles or so. Often the business street has stores on but one side; they look acros the railroad which parallels them to the whispering corn beyond. The street is paved with inches of dust in summer and more inches of the sticklest mud at other

Lined with farmers' wagons, the side walk filled with visiting country people the street awakens in the afternoon. the town is one, often two, grain elevators; towering giants that swallow at one time 40,000 bushels of the wealth of the land. and by their size turn the buildings of the

town into pygmies. These towns reflect the prosperity of the section in their institutions. Lexington 1.400 population, in a large room over the carpenter shop, maintained a Board of Trade. The deposits in the two banks o El Paso, also 1,400 population, are said often total \$500,000. Stanford, 600 population, has an \$11,000 Christian Church and a \$20,000

residerian edifice. Fine homes and the absence of shantie and shacks are characteristic of the belt A German living near Minler, by corn grow ing, was able to give each of his seven hildren at marriage a 160-acre farm valued at \$16,000; the youngest daughter, who is

said to have married a green boy from the old country, received the home farm, valued at \$24,000. The Corn Belters have money with which o travel. The East and West roads advertise fall excursions to "the Old Home in the

Fast." The Big Four crowd at Farmer City (1,200 population), numbered sixty tickets his year. The platform at Marshfield, next beyond, was filled. At Mahomet (about 600 population), there was a Jam

late because of the crowds that gathered.

high priced tickets and to go, long dis-

tances is to be credited to the con business.

building of an 800 population town should

Half an hour after opening the house it

was full of wealthy farmers. The men in

the audience did not look like hayseeds, but

businesslike. The talk was not loud or

coarse and the atmosphere did not smell of

During the fall every day in the corn

belt seems to bring a "chicken and fish

fry," at which the whole town finds its

evening meal and some missionary society

reaps a harvest. The young people from

nearby places ride over on havricks;

friends from up the road flock in on the

5 o'clock train; the streets are full of a gay

lot. On the vacant lawn by the church

the feast goes on under a big tent, across

At Paxton, where sweet corn is grown,

an all day procession of high-boxed farm

wagons crosses to the canning factory.

At the receiving platform the loads of

swollen ears are stripped of husks by strong

armed women. The winds from the prairie

have united with the muscle taxing work

Two amazons run across the platform with the filled basket, and the white ears are

dumped on a moving platform and carried

past sharp eyes that watch for silks and

shreds skipped by the huskers. In long lines the army of fragrant ears marches

into a series of small openings, around

which are revolving knives that close down,

Hoppers received the bleeding corn,

heating it slightly. Cans came forward

by fours to be lifted to the hopper and

filled even full by a human-like thing of

steel, which next brushed off and dried

the tops, touching the edges with acid,

moving the can always forward so carefully

A steel finger set a tin cap over the top:

the can moved on, to red-hot hands that

rested a moment on the newly laid cap.

When they lifted, the cap was soldered

solid. A tongue of flame struck the pin-

hole in the cap's centre, a drop of solder fell where the hot breath struck and the

A man and a woman looked over each

can to see that the automatic thing had done

its work; steam heated ovens took in the

harvest, held it an hour at 240 degrees and

The farms for miles around this point are

planted to sweet corn. The capacity of

the plant is several hundred thousand cans

for the morning train which was to take

them fifty miles on up the road, to the corn

COUNTED HIS FOOTSTEPS.

His Route Through Africa.

xplorer, has returned home after a long

expedition in Africa. He started from the

French port of Djibouti, travelled inland to

Addis-Ababa, the capital of King Menelik,

then on to the great brackish Lake Rudolf,

and finally to Lamu, on the Indian Ocean.

It was a very fruitful journey and the best

feature of it was the fine map be brought

he stopped more frequently,
So he trudged on, compass in hand, taking
the direction of the route while his pedome-

ters kept steadily counting his footsteps. Twenty-one big sheets were required to record the first stage of his journey, a dis-

SPEAKER CANNON'S CIGARS.

Evidence That He Doesn't Yet Realize

Fully His Change of Office.

hasn't fully come to a realization of the fact that he is the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or, if he has, he occa-

One day this week after the House wen

into committee of the whole, he came down

from the rostrum and absentmindedly walked through the corridor to the room of the Committee on Appropriations, of which he was chairman for many years. Approaching the desk he formerly occupied, he seemed to look for something.

"What is it, Mr Cannon?" asked one of

the clerks.

"Why, my box of cigars," said the Speaker.

"Didn't you take it with you into the Speaker's room?" replied the clerk, pleas-

antly."

"By Jove, that's right!" exclaimed Uncle
Joe with a characteristic gesture of his
left hand. "I had forgotten."

But the fact which he had forgotten was
not where he had placed his box of cigars,
but that he had been elected Speaker and
had changed his office from the Committee
on Appropriations room to the Speaker's
room.

sionally has a lapse of memory.

German Explorer's Way of Mapping

belt, the land of promise.

delivered it ready for the winter dinner.

as not to let one drop of the juice escape.

to give the women rugged health.

cutting the kernels off.

sealing was finished.

the front of which a fence has been built.

have 600 seats.

the barn.

All along the line this was true. An extra section of the excursion train was run to carry the overflow. All day the trains were These numbers would not be significant were it not for the fact that, as an official of the road said, "the tickets from the corbelt are not for short hauls, but to far corn-ners of the country." This ability to buy The abundance of money in the corn belt has its influence on the social life. The troupe playing "The Minister's Son." which had been making the cities, was billed to appear in Bethany; prices, 35, 50 and 75 cents. It was a matter of wonder that a troupe of that kind should venture into so ard here, they won everything in their the cup for the best brace of sporting dogs There was wonder, too, that the theatre

benched. Mr. Thomas, who was captain of the track eam at Yale, was accompanied abroad by George Goss of the football team. The English kennels were first visited, the most noted dogs being found of coarse aspect, he heads showing prominent stops, while nearly all had almost straight hind legs infit for a running dog. As a class, the Borzois varied as much in type as those in

his country. At St. Petersburg Mr. Thomas discovered one reason for the lack of type in the English and American kennels, for, in visiting the imperial kennels, at Gatchina, which has sent more dogs abroad than any other, no distinct type was to be seen. In fact, the collection was a "weedy" one in every way, and, after such a long journey, a great disappointment to the American. Other kennels near St. Petersburg proved to be results. The equally disappointing in travellers were then advised to make the ong journey to the kennels of the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaivitch and of Mr. and Mrs. Artem Boldareff. To reach these kennels the tourists had to start from Moscow, and after an overnight journey they arrived at Tula, a town some hundreds of versts to the southward, from which three hours ride on troikas across the steppes brought them to Porchina, where

Here Mr. Thomas found the ideal dog hat he had been searching for, the realization of his dreams. At Porchina the dogs were white to dark tan in color, none being black, and the entire collection was of the one sort and this sort a marked advance on anything that Mr. Thomas had ever seen. He found similar dogs at the kennels of the Boldareffs, a fourteen hour trip from Tula, at Woronzova, in the province of lamboy, but here the notable feature was he white color and the magnificent coat. All these dogs were of the sort Americans have read about, but seldom, if ever, seen. They possess long, fine heads, of straight lines, great muscle and bone, depth of chest and thickness of loin, and the general ap-

a day.

Even yet the corn belt receives an occasional immigrant, a stranger who is to work one of the farms on shares. Travellers who stumbled through the early dawn to take the train from Shattuck met a family of the train from Shattuck met a family of the strain from Shattuck met a family of the breed in this country, but good specimens are owned by George J. Gould, William C. Whitney and others, aside from the Thomas Kennel. In the early days of the breed in England and the United States it suffered from false statements that it was cruel, treacherous and unre-Edward Kelly, who had been impre

of the breed in England and the United States it suffered from false statements that it was cruel, treacherous and unreliable, but the bad reputation has long since been lived down.

At the first Brooklyn show, some ten years ago, to quote the late H. W. Huntington, to prove the falseness of the charge of ferocity, one exhibitor put his little child into the stall of every Borzoi benched. "Childlike," to quote the account, "he pulled their ears, thrust his chubby fists into their mouths, walked on their feet, pulled their tails to his heart's content, finally closing the scene by selecting one beautiful white bitch as his especial favorite and falling asleep with his head across her loins. The bitch, from time to time, would raise her head, gently lick the face of the sweet young sleeper, then sleep herself."

The discoveries of the Yale fancier in Russia will be news in Great Britain and Germany, as well as to our experts in the breed. This is because in 1895 the Czar sent a lot from his kennels to one of the great English shows, and, with the exception of one, none could compare with the specimens bred in England; and this was also feature of it was the fine map be brought home of his entire itinerary.

Count Wickenburg had with him two pedometers, which counted his footsteps for him, and he was thus saved the labor which Dr. Junker underwent when he walked 400 miles into the depths of Africa and had to count every step himself. Wickenburg ascertained very carefully the average length of his steps. One thousand steps were represented on the map by a line a little over a third of an inch in length. Every mile he walked added about an inch to his route on the map.

When his path was straightsway he often walked as far as 2,000 steps before he stopped to bring up his map to the point he had reached. If the path were crooked he stopped more frequently. of one, none could compare with the speci-mens bred in England; and this was also found to be the case later with Molodetz found to be the case later with Molodetz and Owdalska, presented by the Czar to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The real Borzoi is used in the steppes of Russia for hunting the wolves, and it has only been within twenty years that, aside from the field, the breeders of the interior began to pay attention to the preservation of the true type. But for this resolve the old type would have died out, for the tendency in breeding, as the Yale man puts it, had led to a "general spoliation" of the race. The regeneration, the faults being still existent in the kennels of the Czar and of the St. Petersburg breeders, has been accomplished by the Grand Duke and Mr. Beldareff. The mode of regeneration was brought about by a direct out-cross. The native stock was crossed with the hounds from the Crimea and Siberia, and the progrey that reverted to the ancient type were reserved as the parent stock; and after twenty years the Grand Duke has recreated record the first stage of his journey, a distance of 273 miles.

When the expedition returned home his hundreds of big map sheets were reduced, in the process of engraving, to sheets of much smaller scale. His map has been published this month in six sheets; and a fine product it is, giving much detail about every important aspect of the country for miles away on both sides of the map.

THE GAMBLER WHO BUTTED IN

A Tale of a Shack at a Railroad Camp Showing Why the Ten Cent Limit Prevailed.

Unforeseen difficulties encountered in the building of bridge 7 delayed the railroad company not only for days, but for weeks, and the weeks lengthened into months before anything like a satisfactory beginning was made to the work which was to have been completed before the snow m places often regarded by Americans as wild and lawless countries, we had a most pleasant and peaceful journey. To show the misconceptions that are spread abroad regarding Russia, we were in one town on the very day that the London Times printed a telegraphic account of a massacre there, but in truth the place was as quiet as a country graveyard here in our own land." should fiv. The expense involved was the least con-

sideration. The company was amply able to build a score of such bridges without burdening its construction account unduly The question of time, however, was important, and in the effort to hasten a detail that refused to be hastened, 500 men had been massed at a point where 100 were expected to remain for only a week or two. It was fifty miles from a town, and as a

with such success were shown in Brooklyh with such success were the white and brindle Bistri, from the kennels of the Grand Duke, by Almaz, winner of the gold medal in single and team classes at Moscow, out of Pitaoha, and with every sire and grandsire a silver medal winner at the same show. In the Boldareff Kennels Mr. Thomas bought the silver medal white bitch. Sowie by measure of economy temporary buildings had been erected and a company store established on the banks of the river. In the silver medal white bitch Sorva, by Liouzyezny, winner of the great silver medal, and, in a team, the gold medal for coursing. In addition to this pair Mr. Thomas brought out as a gift from Artem Boldareff the bronze medal bitch Artamanka by Kortchiok, thice a silver medal winner. short, a settlement had grown up, unexpected and certain to be ephemeral. Of government there was nothing but the authority of the employer, and of improvements there was no necessity. by Koptchick, thrice a silver medal winner, and considered the best all white dog in

Nevertheless Bridge Seven, as the settlement came to be called, was orderly enough for a time. The men-there were no women-were skilled workmen, who drank little, and who cared for their jobs. Such minor difficulties as arose were easily settled by the bosses, with an occasional appeal to the superintendent, and only twice had there been even a bout at fisticuffs. It was almost an ideal community.

Wolves are common on the steppes of Russia, and the finest show dogs are not exempt from hunting them. Although, according to Capt. Charles G. Treat, U. S. A., in hunting jack rabbits and coyotes in Kansas the Borzoi in tackling put their fore legs out of danger and slide up to their quarry, pushing themselves along on their chest with their hind legs, their head protruding and snapping in snakelike fashion, the hounds of Russia are not taught to kill. There the method of hunting is in connection with a pack of fox hounds, which drive the wolves from the woods. The hunters and the Borzoi are waiting, twenty making a hunt. The Borzoi are held in couples, like grey-Then, one day, Red came into the camp, riding one horse and leading another. to ask for a job. He was a husky chap and the horses were good ones, so he was employed readily enough, and entered on the company roll as George Lamson. Whether that name was a mere legal. fiction, or whether it really belonged to him, no one was interested in finding out, and as for any use being made of it as a Borzoi are waiting, twenty making a hunt. The Borzoi are held in couples, like greyhounds, on the leash, which are slipped when the wolf breaks cover, the hunters following on horseback. When the first Borzoi gains the wolf he knocks it over with his shoulder, and the pack worries it until the first of the riders gets to the scene and kills the wolf with a thrust from his long Caucasian dagger. name while he remained in camp, no one saw the necessity. It was generally accepted as an indisputable fact, the moment he was seen that Red was all the name he required. There may have been reasons side from his personal appearance for calling him Red, but nobody after looking at him once ever stopped to inquire for any other.

Red took it good naturedly. Whether he cared or not, it was not his cue to make enemies. He worked along contentedly for two or three days earning the good will of the bosses by his strength and willingness, and of his mates by his jollity and cheerful manner. And he paid particular attention to the way the men amused themselves at night.

As might have been expected, he found here was some card playing. Not all the men played, for some smoked and told stories, while others sang, and there were checker players and chess players among them, but here and there in the big barracks there was a group of card players, and with time she was brought to the surface again. For a time she was used as a ferryboat between Vancouver, B. C., the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Nanaimo, one of the principal points on Vancouver Island, across the straits of Georgia.

Then the Alaska gold excitement began and the Cutch became one of the boats which carried gold seekers to the North. She also became one of the many to strike a rocky reef in those Northern waters, and down she went for the fifth time.

This time the owners were discouraged. some of these groups the game was draw

Red reconnoitred till he had learned all he poker parties and then began watching hem till he had sized up the game each party played. What he learned did not seem to fill him with elation. The heaviest game he saw anywhere among the men was a ten cent limit, with a 25-cent limit consolation pot at the end of the evening.

If he had any notion of playing poker himself this kind of a game did not seem to appeal to him, for he stood looking on mother disgustedly the third night he rather disgustedly the third night he fortable position decided she was not worth bothering with more. Her stern was deep in water, submerged at high tide, and when the tide was low a great hole could be seen in her bow.

The insurance agents visited the Cutch, lying near Juneau, and decided that she was a total loss. Then she was left to her forted by the rowners but they did not received.

sized game."
"Same here," said the little man. "Table Red became interested. "Are there any more like you around here?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the little man. "Only, you know, gambling is the one thing they don't allow in camp. Ten cent limit they don't call gambling, and I reckon that's right enough."

right enough."
"But what's the matter with going out of camp then?" asked Red.
"Nothing that I know of," was the answer.
"only there's no place to go."

"only there's no place to go."

Nature is not the only thing that abhors a vacuum. Whenever there is a crying need for almost anything in civilization, somebody provides it. Thus it was that within three days more there was a "shack" perhaps half a mile away, in which there were cards, chips, a table, chairs and Red.

Thither the little dark man, whose name proved to be Sam Withers, brought Jimmy Powers, Dave Blackwood and Harry Quinn. Had he been paid for capping the game, he could not have been more eager. And he it was who spoke first in hearty assent when Red observed that there'd have to be

when Hed observed that there'd have to be a kitty to reimburse him for the expense of providing and running the place.

Matters being satisfactorily adjusted, the game began, each man taking \$5 for a starter. It looked like a modest, easy division for a while, and Red was figuring on getting most of his profits from the kitty until more interest should develop, when suddenly things began to happen.

He looked at his cards on Powers's deal and was somewhat startled to find a pat

He looked at his cards on Power's deal and was somewhat startled to find a pat straight flush, nine high. It was a jackpot, and he was third man to speak. Blackwood passed and Quinn opened it for the size of the pot, which was \$1.25. Red hesitated. There was a chance of keeping two men out if he raised it, but flushly he decided to make it \$2.50 to play, and to his cided to make it \$2.50 to play, and to his intense joy Withers and Powers both came in. Then Quinn pushed his whole pile forward, and the other three men did the same. There was some odd change comsame. There was some odd change coming to Withers, whose stack was the tallest, and there was a little side money, but the

pot was about \$18.

When the draw came each man stood pat excepting Withers, and he took one card. Everybody being all in, it was a showdown, and each man of the four displayed a straight flush.

After a long pause, during which Red looked from one to another in the vain at-

looked from one to another in the value attempt to discover whether there was anybody in the party who was not astonished, he drew a long breath, and said, slowly and very distinctly: "I don't remember that I ever seen anything just like that before, an' I don't reckon I ever will again. I'll take five dollars more."

The others accepting Quinn whose hard

The others, excepting Quinn, whose hand had been the largest, bought also, and the game went on.

game went on.

For the next quarter of an hour it was uneventful. Then, on Quiun's deal, it being a jackpot again, Red found nines up in his hand, and opened the pot. Somewhat to his surprise they all stayed, but no one raised. He called for one card and threw a white chip in the pot without looking at the card. Withers also took one, and without looking saw the bet. Powers took two, looked at them and raised four dollars. Blackwood took one and saw the raise. And Quinn took one and raised it ten dollars.

Red looked at his draw and found a nine spot, so he called for what he had. Each of the others did the same and they all showed down. Each man had a full house, and Powers's was an ace full.

Again there was a pause and they all

and Powers's was an ace full.

Again there was a pause and they all looked at one another solemnly. Whatever they may have thought, they all realized that it was no time to be saying things. It is altogether likely that no more vigilant watch was ever kept on the manipulation of the cards than had been kept in that saying experiently after the first unthat game, especially after the first sus-

picion, but nobody had seen anything out of the way, or, if anything had been dis-covered, nothing had been said about it. Red set his teeth together hard and bought more chips—ten dollars this time. Withers and Blackwood also bought and

withers and Blackwood also bought and again the game started.

Again it went on for a time without special incident, though Red loosened up his hip pocket once when he looked at his cards and found four eights cold. It was Withers's deal this time and a jack pot, and Red was fully prepared to see everybody clae flash fours, but it passed around to him. He opened it and they all stayed out, so there was no call for the gun.

After perhaps half an hour, though, something happened again. Red had been doing rather well. He had held several good hands, including the four eights, and two of these he had dealt to himself. What he could not very well understand was that no one came up against his cards when he dealt, for he had some reason to suppose that one or more of the others also had fairly good cards to bet on.

"If I can't deal as well as these yaps I must ha' forgot something," was what he thought to himself, but it looked as if the yaps didn't care to play on his deal.

When the happening came, as was said.

to himself, but it looked as if the yaps didn't care to play on his deal.

When the happening came, as was said, it proved to be as much of a surprise as either of the previous events, and, curiously enough, it was almost monotonous in its resemblance to the other two. It was Blackwood's deal this time and a jack pot. Each man had four of a kind pat, and each man had his whole pile in the pot before the draw.

Withers's hand was the highest, and he was just scraping in the pot when Red said, slowly and saidy. "I reckon I'm a farmer, all right. I've been keeping cases on you boys as well as I know how, an' I'll own up. I'm not in your class. There's a bottle of extra good whiskey here, an' the drinks are extra good whiskey here, an' the drinks are

The others heard him out and then laughed heartily. "You're all right, Red," said Withers, and the others echoed the statement, "only we took it for a great joke that you should try to butt in as if this camp was a fresh field. There's a dozen men tried it and they're all been turned down, just as we have So when we saw you coming to we have. So when we saw you coming to try it single-handed we thought we'd have a little fun with you, that's all."

a name run with you, that's all."
And you mean it can't be worked?" asked
Red, sheepichly.
"Absolutely it can't. The company won't
have it. We leave to-morrow, and you'd
bottom continue."

better go with us."
"I'll do it." said Red. And ten cent limit continued to be the extreme form of dissipa-tion at "Bridge Seven."

HUNT DEER TILL DECEMBER. A Suggestion From the Adirondacks That It Would Not Decrease Them.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 21 .- A resident who has just returned from a hunting trip in the Adirondacks and who has been a frequent visitor to the woods in past years offers for the consideration of other sportsmen suggestions which he hopes will be impressed upon members of the Legislature.

"I believe that the prohibition of hounding is a good thing," said he. "Never before were there as many deer in the Adirondacks as now. It is no mark of sportsmanship to sit on a runway or by a stream and kill a deer that has been chased out of its senses by a hound. That is not sport-merely slaughter. To hunt without dogs takes skill. The hunter's brains are pitted against those of the hunted, and when a wise old deer is the quarry the hunter has no mean antagonist, though game enough may be secured to satisfy any one but a professional butcher. "One party of three bagged two, one

weighing 200 pounds dressed. A party of four, a mile east of us, secured three in a few days hunting. Another party of eleven from Gloversville camped on Bush Meadow Brook ten days, and took out ten deer, all that the law allows. Five huntsmen at the big shanty killed three in three days while a neighboring party hung up six fine deer as the trophies

leaves are too noisy for successful nunting and the game, when killed in such warm weather, will not keep, and much of it is spoiled before it can be eaten. The sport, not the summer hotels, should be considered in legislation.

"It would be a benefit, I believe, to extend the open season to about Dec. 1. This

"It would be a benefit, I believe, to extend the open season to about Dec. I. This would enable sportsmen to use the first light snows in tracking wounded game. An experience of many years causes me to believe that two-thirds of the deer shot at in the woods are not killed at once and many of the wounded escape and later die neuron secluded place unfound. This is in some secluded place unfound. This is a wicked waste.

in som's seculded place thround. Imis is a wicked waste.

"From the hunting parties above mentioned I learned of at least a dozen deer that were severely wounded and bled freely vet could not be tracked and so were lost. Rarely, if ever, is the snowfall before Dec. I deep enough to place the game at a disadvantage, yet the light falls which do occur would enable the huntsmen to track and secure the deer. Deer hunting is too fine a sport to be abused, and our stock of deer should not be wasted. Hunters are provided with such far reaching products of the gunsmith that legislation should favor the deer. Yet it should not be so arranged that a hunter should return gameless although he has made his kill and knows that in some thicket a deer he has wounded will die and be of no benefit to any one." will die and be of no benefit to any one."

DEER STILL HOUNDED.

Phirteen Cases Discovered by the Adirondacks Game Protector.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 21 .- State Game Protector Spencer Hawn has returned from a ten-day trip in the Adirondacks in the interest of game protection with Samuel G. Mattison. He discovered some startling cases of violation of the game laws and The two protectors, in the guise of hunters, went into the very heart of the same region. In one camp they found thirteen deer which had been hounded illegally. The guides in the Adirondacks were very free in talking

with the supposed hunters, and much valuable evidence was secured.

One guide, so the warden says, remarked that none of the State game protectors thad yet appeared in that region, and that if they did they would never get out alive. Other guides said that they would not hesitate to kill any State protector who put in an appearance. Many of these said there was no closed season for them.



A hoss thief? Leadpill Pete Thet crittur, sure sad excuse fer a hoss, ain't he?

TRYING OUT YOUNG LAWYERS.

JUDGMENT DEBTORS GIVE THEM NEEDED PRACTICE.

The Cheerful Man About the Hardest Proposition to Tackle-Debtors Who Enjoy Supplementary Proceedings and Are the Despair of Lawyers.

In many of the big law offices in this city he first actual practice that the young man who has just received his degree gets is to tackle some obstinate judgment debtor in the supplementary proceedings. This is excellent practice for the young lawyer. The average judgment debtor is a very difficult person to get anv satisfaction out of, and he puts the vouthful attorney to the severest kind of test, especially if he has been through the mill before.

In almost all the hig law offices in this city, and this is especially true of Brooklyn, there is a long list of judgment debtors out of whom the attorneys hope, at some time or another, to get something. When efforts to find something attachable fail, the lawyers begin to subject the debtors to the ordeal of supplementary proceedings, and while even this method, as a rule, fails to unearth anything of value that can be seized, it affords a grim satisfaction and good practice for the youngsters.

In some law offices there is a system by which the young lawyers get a percentage of whatever they can recover from judgment debtors to whose examination they have been assigned. This leads to increased enthusiasm on the part of the youthful attorneys and a corresponding amount of misery for the judgment debtor. especially when he happens to be a man who is up against the proceedings for the first time and takes them seriously.

There are certain mornings each week when the city court rooms in this borough and the Supreme Court rooms in Brooklyn Borough Hall are crowded with judgment debtors summoned for examination. The proceedings are very interesting.

The young lawyers are everywhere, looking for their special victims, with an amusing amount of importance in their manners. As soon as a lawyer and his victim get together they exchange credentials, that is, the person about to be spitted gives up his summons and the lawyer produces his authority.

Then they go to the Judge's room, or if he is on the bench they break into a case. The debtor is duly sworn and then led to some retired spot in the building, it really doesn't matter where, and examined.

There is nothing very terrifying about it all, for there is, as a rule, no one around to listen, and the debtor and the lawyer are not interrupted by any third person. The young lawyer, however, is on the lookout for some vulnerable point to attack.

It must be understood that probably never did lawyer enter into the examination of judgment debtor with any idea that he was going to discover anything attachable. His whole idea is to frighten the unfortunate into the payment of at least a part of the judgment, or to make some arrangement for payment on the installment plan.

The success of this scheme depends, of course, entirely on the judgment debtor. If he is young and inexperienced, and it happens to be his first ordeal, it is sometimes easy to bulldoze him. If he is in a big hurry to get the examination over, you can depend upon the young lawyer's keeping him answering questions hour after hour,

until he surrenders. But if he saunters into the court room with a languid air, greets the lawyer effusively, informs him that he is delighted to see him and has quite as much time to spare as the lawyer, lights a cigar, and otherwise shows complete satisfaction with himself and the proposition before him, then he gets away soon, for of all things the attorney in supplementary proceedings wants to be spared, it is the judgment debtor who assumes to be positively amused at the whole affair.

A SIN reporter was privileged to accom-But if he saunters into the court room with party hung up six fine deer as the trophies of a few days' hunting. A party of nine from Lake George took home with them nine fine deer.

"All these were killed without dogs, salt licks or other unlawful aids, and all on the Sacondaga River, in a section not over two miles square, all except the last party, who were in camp on the Siamese Ponds.

"But a few changes in the law would be beneficial. The first month of the open season for deer should be made close. The leaves are too noisy for successful hunting and the game, when killed in such warm and he had heard that he is delighted to see him and has quite as much time to spare as the lawyer, lights a cigar, and otherwise shows complete satisfaction with himself and the proposition before him, then he gets awar was provided warm.

A Sun reporter was privileged to accompany a young lawyer who had an examinstion of this kird the other day. The lawyer had conducted many such cases, and the proposition before him, then he gets awar.

A Sun reporter was privileged to accompany a young lawyer who had an examinstion of this kird the other day.

and he had heard that he had a tough cus-tomer. His information proved to be correct.

The judgment debtor was a robust man with a flowing blond mustache. His face wore an expression of habitual cheerfulness. He was well dressed, but wore no jewelry, a fact that the young lawyer detected at once.

His business, so far as the lawyer had been able to find out, was selling sewing machines on commission. These fellows of uncertain income are the toughest kind,

for they can tell you anything they like about their earnings, and their statements cannot be disproved.

about their earnings, and their statements cannot be disproved.

When the young lawyers waiting for victims observed whom the lawyer had to examine they smiled sympathetically, and there were audible remarks about poor Jones, Jones being the lawyer. It seems that most of them had had the sewing machine man at one time or another.

There was a discouraging start to this session, for the moment the robust man, whose name was Green, saw Jones, he rushed forward and grabbed him by the hand. His greeting was effusive, and if the lawver had been his oldest friend he could not have been more cordial. Jones tried to shake him off, but Green held on.

"Let us proceed leisurely," Green said, "and take all the time necessary. I have taken the day off for this thing, and I want you to be perfectly satisfied that nothing but my abominable hard luck is responsible for this."

After Green was sworn the examination according the said of the said of the same according to the same according to

ble for this."

After Green was sworn the examination got under way. Every question asked was promptly answered.

Jones tried to be dignified, but Green wouldn't let him. He interrupted Jones every once in a while to offer him a cigar. Jones wouldn't take the cigar, but went on pumping questions at Green.

Two or three times Jones openly insulted him, in the hope of changing his cheerhim, in the hope of changing his cheer-fulness into anger. Mr. Green declined to get riled.

The upshot of it all was that Mr. Green

The upshot of it all was that Mr. Green hadn't a cent in his pocket, in the bank, coming to him or anywhere else. Mr. Green never had had a cent more than he needed for years. Mr. Green owned only the clothes he had on, he owned no watch, no rings, no scarf pins, nothing that could possibly be called an asset. Mr. Green, according to his own description of himself and his affairs, was a fit subject for the attention of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

of the Condition of the Pcor.

Mr. Green was grieved when it was all over. He insisted that there must be sor...thing more that Mr. Jones wanted to know.

thing more that Mr. Jones wanted to know. He was certain that he had not given enough of his time to the examination.

He was willing, more than willing, to go on until nightfall, and to come again in the morning, and even put in a third day, if necessary. His protestations along this line so angered the lawyer that he finally ler wim in disgust, without so much as a farewell.

farewell.

Mr. Green lit a fresh cigar, looked very much amused at the departing attorney, and then went out himself.

"And he'll be buying wine somewhere to-night," said the lawyer to the reporter.

"I've booked him up and find he cleans up about \$5,000 a year and has no one but himself to look out for. Yet he won't pay this measly bill of \$81."

There are other judgment debror just as gloomy and despondent over their positions as this one was cheerful, and the

tions as this one was cheerful, and the young lawyers get even on them. But the amount of money recovered on judgments by the application of the law in supplementary proceedings is very small. As a rule when anything is got at all, it is by searing the deliver into an arrangeit is by scaring the delitor into an arrange-ment for weekly payments, few of which are ever paid for more than a month. Fut to get anything at all out of this class of judgment debtors is satisfaction indeed

BUYING DOGS IN RUSSIA,

KENNELS OF GRAND DUKE OPEN
TO AN AMERICAN.

J. B. Thomas, Jr., Goes From Yale Over
Half the World in Quest of Pure Horzols—Resuscitation of the Old Type of
the Breed—Czar's Dogs Net the Best.

After taking his sheepskin at Yale last
June, J. B. Thomas, Jr., set out for Russia
on a quest for the pure type of Borzol, or
Russian wolfhound. As one of the band of
Yale students who conduct in Simsbury,
Conn., on practical lines the model Valley
Farm for the breeding of fine poultry and
dogs and the training of hunters and ponies,
in dogs and the training of hunters and ponies,
in least to do the Grand Duke, as fine a collection of dogs of any breed as I have ever seen, and through his introduction I met Mr. Boldareff. After terminating my search for the Borzoi, my friend and I travelled extensively through Russia and to Teheran, in Persia, where we were so fortunate as to arrive on the morning of the Shah's birthday and to witness the festivities. In Russia, although journeying in places often regarded by Americans as wild and lawless countries, we had a most polegasnt and referely livered. dogs and the training of hunters and ponies, Mr. Thomas had made a specialty of the Borzoi, and his kennel contains some of the most noted bench show winners in the country. The specimens in this country, he more study he gave to the breed, seemed to young Thomas to be lacking in uni-formity of type, and he journeyed abroad to learn what the breeders at the fountain head would call the true sort. As a result, three dogs just from Russia were exhibited by Mr. Thomas at the Brooklyn show last week, where, although differing in many ways from what had been deemed the standclasses, while two, Bistri and Sorva, won

he kennels are situated.

and thickness of loin, and the general appearance of fleetness and strength, with a coat of marvellous length and thickness. There are positive reasons why this old type of the Borzoi had not been seen in this country prior to the importations by Mr. Thomas. The first is that very few of the Borzoi fanciers of England or America have ever visited Russia, while those who have did not go to these wonderful kennels, far from the ordinary route of sightseers. The first specimen of the breed ever seen in this country was benched in the early '80s at the Westmintser show by the late Edward Kelly, who had been impressed

fate by her owners, but they did not refuse the small sum that an American captain offered them. This American had a particular fondness for raising sunken vessels when they had been abandoned. He was sure he could

This time the owners were discouraged. They thought the boat was hoodcoed, and after looking at her in her uncomfortable position decided she was not worth

save her.

He took three or four men with him and for three months labored between tides mending the rent in the hull. Only for an hour or two a day could he do any work. hour or two a day could he do any work. With the receding tide each day he carried out and put in place the big patch, and when he had it finished and the water was excluded the boat rose with the next tide. Then the captain brought the Cutch to Seattle, called her the Jessie Banning and made her look like new. An agent of the Colombian Government came along and bought her for a warship. She is 190 feet over all.

HISTORY MAKER DEAD He Was the Victim of Retaliation in Anti-Liquor Crusade, but Won Out.

ROCKPORT, Mass., Nov. 21.—Capt. Stephen A. Perkins, one of the history makers of this town, died at his home here last Monday, aged 88. He came from York, Me., his native town, when a young man, and engaged in the fisheries.

On July 8, 1858, a crowd of 200 women,

wenty years the Grand Duke has recreated | kinses.



Stranger-I ain't no parson. I'm the arm o' th' law come to take th' place uv ole Jedge

Spike McCaig - That's news to me. Hadn't heard they'd disinterred him

toy Bean, deceased, in this kentry